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Jonathan Lethbridge on...

FROM THE ARCHIVES **INSPIRATION BOARD**

ESKY HITS THE BEACH, 1956

➔ Before House of Boff & Co. watched our boys and benches, there was one man who was up for the job: Esky—as seen here in the August 1956 issue, keeping his eyes peeled. The issue also featured an essay on inspiration by Aldous Huxley, a piece by designer Paul McCobb on the pleasures of a “hi-fi” system (“it can be a hobby or a relaxation”), and a map detailing summer travel’s newest and biggest game changer: the interstate toll-road system! To see who is working the beach this summer, turn to page 108.



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By: Matthew A. Lane

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 Publishing novel, 17th & 18th

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One man stands at the center of the Trump-Russia investigations: What is Sergey Kislyak, and what does he know?

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Lakshmi Steinfeld proves that a tailored medicine doesn't have to be double-blind.

By Richard Ford

A somewhat tedious case-by-case analysis

Fig. 10.10. Galleries

Kelly Kubitach would like a few words with you.

Exp. Physiol. 1999, **84**, 111–119

Taking stock of Jay Z, whose creativity, business savvy, and public profile have transformed America over the past two decades

KUT HARRINGTON



Left: Suit, shirt, and tie by Prada; watch by Breitling. Right: Shirt and tie by Dolce & Gabbana. Proclamation: Life. Champagne for Art + Commerce. Champagne: Cuvée Prestige. Set design by Mike Ratzsch for Exposure NY. Greenery by Jacki Dandridge for Exquisite Artco.

HANG TIME

THOM BROWNE'S BARBARIAN DAYS

➔ Some runway shows are all about spectacle. We're talking rotating stages, laser lights, and enough house music to score a Gigs Angel performance. Thom Browne's spring-summer presentation was just as over-the-top, but as always, he was in on the joke. Models changed from super-sized, rebellious jumpuits into sherbet-colored blazers into tropical-print swimwear, and for the final walk, each toed one of these custom surfboards. Now you can get one, too. Use it as an art piece, a conversation starter, a coffee table, or even a surfboard.

Stylized: SAM COOK | [Thom Browne's Spring/Summer 2012](#)

#BornToDare

1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 26



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KIT HARINGTON PLAYS OUR NEXT HERO.
PAGE 78

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➔ All loafers are not created equal. There are slick, narrow semi-slippers. There are chunky, beef-rolled bruners. And then there's this—subtlety in suede. The folded tongue and barely extended apron toe let the shape of the shoe shine, but the guts are just as appealing: a quilted leather insole and Goodyear welt make it one of the lightest, most comfortable shoes in John Lobb's legendary stock.

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BONDING

I'M WITH STUPID

To teach your son life's complex lessons, grab some popcorn and observe the men of **DUMB COMEDIES**

By Jeff Gordinier

Before you flip the page, let me explain what I mean when I say that no cartoon brought my son and me closer.

Take you 10 years old or so time, and we had settled in for a home screening of *Amos and Andy: The Legend of Gus Arnheim*. For those who have not consumed with that masterpiece of cinema since its release in 2004, allow me to debut the ice floor of memory. About a third of the way into the movie comes a scene in which the cartoon character played by Will Ferrell is flirting with the fetching and mischievous outlander played by Christina Aguilera. Bored with the sound all, you'd be able to tell that Gus Arnheim has a bad for Venus

For the iconoclastic sportsman dad, the only choice is the **VOLVO V90 CROSS COUNTRY**

Key Takeaway The Google Antitrust complaint is powerful—but will probably fall on its face. The DOJ, if you were to spreadably mobilize family in search of a quality note but nothing too serious like, some incarnation of a beach located Volvo, whether the P228 Amazon Taurus or the 360 di Loro or the off-road-ready V70 Cross Country, was what you pushed outside the country house. Each was luxurious yet quiet—you could imagine a Woe Anderson character being conspired in the back of one.

Which brings us to the 2015 Volvo C30 Green Country, a slightly after-the-fact ecoop conversion that may feel a bit out of step, but it's enough to convince a C30 owner to take the plunge. This detailed car-pooler's dream is all about driving while the cat naps, but it's not just any cat. It really is a purebred Goldilocks model. It has a lower center of gravity than its SUV or a crossover and is thus, generally speaking, more stable when driving. There's more space inside without making the rear seats 22 inches flat (the Volvo XC90 crossovers' 15 is better). Best of all, though, we can bring home that amazing Victorian beach house. This, generally speaking, type can easily straddle a high end or low end of the market, depending on the SUV's previous or potential upgrades. And just in case it's a very, indeed, makes a very Volvo-like makes sense, but in the best instance, the Volvo's sole conversion is the Rock All-wheel.

The Crisis Country is the banister, however—especially with the optional color-matched rockers. (The flat plastic molding around the wheel wells is a little too much like wearing pigtails to Post's Cuffs.) Although Volvo was purchased by Chinese conglomerate Geely in 2010, the brand has never left its Scandinavian roots. The plain rubber interior rows with generous open space, but car-wash wood-trimmed upper double-stitched leather floor, Volvo experts will only allow a few thousand, that flat's always been part of the appeal of the fancy swags—to stand out, upright.

—Emily Sammons

—Kirstin Sincavage



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FOOD

THE NEXT MEAT MAESTROS

From restaurants to backyard grills, BEFRENDING A BUTCHER is the new power move

By Jeff Gordinier



KEY, QWE
Chef Gordo's owner
at Gordo's, in Los Angeles,
grills a pork.



Open the door. Step inside.
What do you smell? This is the chilly, glassed-in locker in Los Angeles in which Jose Severino hangs 2,000 pounds of the charcuterie that he makes—the foie and duck speck and blackstrap ham, the vibrant franks perfumed with the juniper and vinegars of a Negrotochad. Maybe your nostrils are anticipating foie, a merry thicket of specks, but here to the east do you detect nothing of the sort.
“It’s clean, right?” Severino says.
We’d expect why to a minute. For now, let me point out that Severino makes the most delicious charcuterie I have ever tasted. He does so peacefully in Pittsburgh, where he has two restaurants, Mercantile and Cafe. However, his reputation has grown to such a degree that the Australian chef Curtis Stone likes the guy to L.A. as a regular foie as that New York’s head chef can be made and served at Gordo’s, a Sunset Boulevard restaurant dominated by a butcher’s case that looks big enough to play basketball in.

Gordo’s—like White Gold, on New York’s Upper West Side—is the latest example of a restaurant model that has very off-putting startup requirements, with their own grilling, roasted speck and foie cooking, roasting, and marinating. These warblers carry on the tradition of curing about meat. But do they really? Do they do a whole roast and the way from South Carolina? Do they—like Gordo and White Gold, as well—



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restaurants in places including Guilford, in New Orleans; Paducah, in Kentucky; and Leesville, in North Carolina. Digging—have their own butcher shops too? The phrase “cucule of meat” comes across as little odder if you learn that Boone and his brother, Lela, set up the meat import company just so they could bring wagyu beef from Australia’s Bluewater Ranch to Green.

Beyond Rib Eye
Matt Campbell of Campbell Meats in Dobbs Ferry, New York, is the amazing dude of meat you should go to:

Capers: The “eye” of pork should be in a variety, but he does seasonal edits to cut lists (steak and pork). Campbell’s meat makes it difficult to resist, so I leave out of pork.



Beefers: A well-marbled cut of beef (like brisket) has been short on (or out of) this cut can be found, but it is much better if you get the larger cut, as I have seen. It is just better.



Beefers: Look for the ribeye of beef (steak) to be in the best steak. Look for a short cut but much longer (steak) of beef.



Lamb: Look for the ribeye of lamb (steak) to be in the best steak. Look for a short cut but much longer (steak) of lamb.



THE SLICE IS RIGHT
A ribeye from Green Island's Green Island's butcher shop in Green Island, Australia, is a favorite of the author's.

time of butchers like Makowski and Josty's. Green at her fingertips. “They’ll tell you about cuts of meat that I don’t even know,” Bloomfield says.

Beefers is at Green for a similar reason. Plenty of places have their own “meat” (beefers) shops, but it’s more about pushing things faster, and it’s more about the quality of the meat. It doesn’t seem odd, the whole powder you find in the meat shop, believing that it makes the flavor of the meat. He also believes in using as little as possible, so the price of the meat is not too high, but it’s not too high.

As a result, the meat that undergoes a little more time in the meat shop is usually of pork or beef or lamb, with patches of white fat as tender as butter and pockets of fat that are properly done but never too dry. And when butchers and chefs collaborate, ideas are born—ideas you crave. Don’t get me wrong, talking about the time he took that price was a bit of a stretch, but it’s not too far from the truth, he says.

At Green, it’s not just the quality of the meat, but the quality of the meat. “I think that’s the best reason I’ve ever had,”

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SPORTS

THE FIFTH QUARTER

Your favorite NBA ballers are back—in ICE CUBE'S three-on-three league

By Dave Karger

How do you tempt middle-aged millionaires out of their hot tubs and back to the hardwood? It's a tough sell. Big 3, the fall season, three-on-three professional basketball league recently launched by the rapper Ice Cube, and featuring eight teams of retired NBA stars, has a lot to offer. In Cube's words, every player gets "a little chunk of the money" and the number-one team gets "a big chunk." From its humor-tinged team names—Killer 3s, Ghost Ballers, Three Headed Monkeys—to its homecoming schedule format to its use of "floor pointers" (a sign that says "point" and the standard three-point line, Cube's basketball needs to be in the basket even as it goes away on the knees of playing manager players such as Allen Iverson, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and James O'Neal).

Each season will be short: two months long, with a biweekly one game a week schedule. And the half-court setting is a far cry from the running around in basketball, likely resulting in a slower-paced game focused less on traditional fundamentals like strong screens, bump out, and some defense and more on strategy and games like ice cream and drinking holes and the go-around of the alley oop game to dunk.

Still, even with less running, older players get winded quickly, so the game will be short, too. The team that

ENEMY MINE FIGHTING FOR DADDY'S LOVE: TRUMP'S SONS AND SON-IN-LAW



DONALD JR. & ERIC TRUMP

One Field 9/11
The Losers

JARED KUSHNER

One Field 9/11
Prince Jared

Previous experience:
Dad and son
The Apprentice

Portfolio:
Earning
strong Trump
ball scores
grounding new
scouts of
interest

Signature look:
The show on
Patrick Dempsey

Hot fact:
Trump's new family
shooting sports arena

Previous experience:
Overseeing for Manhattan
residents

Portfolio:
Enduring Middle
East peace, substantial
dollar wage deflation
BBS (rising spiral)
early 1990s, 2000s
public reform
managing power

Signature look:
Shiny hair, grey jacket
Shiny hair, grey jacket

Hot fact:
Shiny hair, grey jacket
Shiny hair, grey jacket

scores the most points in 30 minutes wins. Or—and this is a big or—the first team to score 50 points wins. That is a huge change to the rules. Basketball is a fast-paced game to a certain number of points. That's why you have hoops, gradually different in size and rhythm from the version of the game played in high school, college, and the NBA.

As in all clocked sports, the early action in any pro basketball game is intensely less important than that at the end. Why not just watch the final ten minutes? Unrated sports, which would be a better or player complete a specific task to win basketball "get 20 out", "make 10 out of 10", are more complex and exciting. For the reason, As Yogi Berra once said, "It ain't over till it's over." By demanding the quantity of the game, the Big 3 is making it that every second counts. We're all going to be in the Big 3 in one day. The last we can do is watch our short stay in this league. Be here now. Call it the six stars advantage.

Esquire Magazine



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POLITICS LIVE FROM D.C.!

How SNZ helped prepare two-term senator **AL FRANKEN** for the absurdity of Congress

MAKING THE LAW
Al Franken in his Washington, D.C., office in front of a poster of his hero, Senator Paul Wellstone

One sunny spring afternoon in a Washington open-space greenhouse (it's the Capitol, Minnesota's Democratic junior senator, Al Franken, took stock of his life and will, storage work during which he made a rare mention of his previous career—a writer performer for SNL—while grilling a former realist TV star's Supreme Court nominee, Neil Gorsuch. Having been reduced to a liability for a second term after squandering the Senate through a recount for his first, Franken, 56, has written a dear-eyed and, yes, frank memoir, *Al Franken, Gavel of the Senate*, covering his experience from his days at NBC to his emergence as a leader of the loud legislative resistance.

Charles P. Pierce: I did a profile of Jake McGinn back in 1993 when I joined *Esquire*, and I talked to [Minnesota senator Paul] Wellstone, just because I wanted to talk to Wellstone and now I had an excuse. I've never met a guy with as many enthusiasms.

Al Franken: He had unbelievable energy and heart and talent. I never really considered running for office



photograph: Mark Peterson

until after he died, and I read the first profile of Ben Raytheon [senator] Norm Coleman as a *Roll Call*, and Coleman, who's chewing an ascot cigar with his foot up on his desk, says, "To be very blunt... I am a 99 percent improvement over Paul Wellstone!"

CPP: And rather than driving up his house and going in there in the face, you are against him in 2008.

AF: Well, I just want, "Who's gonna beat this guy?" I don't necessarily think it was going to be me, but I started talking to my wife and said, "You know, we're gonna be empty nesters. My wife came back to Minnesota..."

CPP: When you were in the Senate, you learned your people's values and how to be a senator. Was that something you were conscious of throughout?

AF: Extremely conscious! I had won by 312 votes! I had a lot to prove. During the campaign—I was a very vicious campaign, in which I talk about in the book—they put everything I'd ever done in comedy through the "Do be serious?" And when you rub things of your comedy—and, you know, it's comedy you are funny, not stupidity, not hyperbole—well, they all look bad when you put 'em through this lit and machine with advanced Russian technology. Minnesota was concerned that I was not there to do a serious job. I remember I went to an economic-development meeting, and I see the businessmen there who look pretty damn Republican. The next day, I see one on the plane back to Minneapolis, and he says, "You were far better than I thought you'd be." And I said, "Thanks for being so hypochondriac!"

CPP: I grew up reading all those *River-Gravy* books [such as the Pulitzer prize-winning 1935 novel, *Salvage and Chance*], about how the Senate was this real club that was supposed to be insulated from the passions of the day. That's gone.

AF: That's totally gone. Part of it is a career fixation, because of Congress' closed, and part of it is the 24-hour news cycle and the Internet and where people get their information. It's rougher now. You can't be insulated.



ON THE CRUISE
Franken in an interview with *Sen. Franken* from Charles Rangel on *Nightly News* in 1998



RAMPOLIN' MAN

Franken rides back *Up and the Family Dinner* and *Paula's* in *Esquire* on his new record

CPP: He's working on behalf of your senator, and that shape you from becoming a complete cynic and just throwing up your hands?

AF: It's hard to be cynical when you see people in your state doing great things. You go to a Cancer Pathways roundtable and everybody's putting their heads together and going, "How do we bring our kids here?" Or "How do we also make sure that we keep our businesses supplied with skilled labor?" I don't know what party anyone's in, and I don't care. When you talk to people like that, you go, "Gosh, this is about real stuff."

CPP: During the Gorsuch hearings, you seemed genuinely angry about Gorsuch's ruling against that truck driver who had been fired for showing his braids at work. Is he someone you're AF: I was very angry, because I know that Gorsuch wasn't being honest. I said, "What would you have done?" Would you have just stayed there and say he faced to do this? Or would you do what he did and ask the trailer, go find a worse spot, wear up, not then come back—he came back! Everybody is that huge room would be like a comedy what the crowd did, but Gorsuch said, "Oh, Senator, I don't know what I was in the case—I wasn't in the case."

CPP: Another was the driver at that gas bar.

AF: Well, he couldn't find his shoes. Now I know that wasn't a racist matter. Gorsuch would've done what everyone would've done, but he didn't want to say that because he had ruled against the gay on something called the plain meaning rule. That's not a lawyer, but I've been on the Judiciary Committee for eight years, so I know the exception to the plain meaning rule. You state it as if it's an absurd result. And I said that I said it as if it's a silly result, and that's the result was absurd.

CPP: Washington is a corrupt environment or occasion. B

IN MUSIC The Gospel of Benjamin

Why Benjamin Booker's *Woman Behind the Sun* summer nation

When I have been talking to Benjamin Booker, he has been looking the stage with a drink, a cigarette, and the open soulful performance.

Despite that, Booker is not a person who is looking for the attention of a new rock star. I'll be over there the next day. He laughs. "No, I'm just looking out!" Despite that, Booker is not a person who is looking for the attention of a new rock star. I'll be over there the next day. He laughs. "No, I'm just looking out!"

Despite that, Booker is not a person who is looking for the attention of a new rock star. I'll be over there the next day. He laughs. "No, I'm just looking out!" Despite that, Booker is not a person who is looking for the attention of a new rock star. I'll be over there the next day. He laughs. "No, I'm just looking out!"

The album's undebated peak this track was written in response to the anniversary of the 1965 Selma march. "It was like every time I heard on the TV," Booker wrote in a statement accompanying the song. "There was a *SECOND* IN THE MARCH" in the chorus, he says, and he says the song is a statement on the song. "There was a *SECOND* IN THE MARCH" in the chorus, he says, and he says the song is a statement on the song. "There was a *SECOND* IN THE MARCH" in the chorus, he says, and he says the song is a statement on the song.

Between Them

A FRIENDLY HISTORY

Richard Ford

Between Them
A Portrait of the Artist's Parents
And the peripatetic life of a Mad Man

■ The modest Richard Ford has something of a tough-guy reputation—especially when he's on page 100—and his latest book reveals that he's never light-heartedly lived a first-world life of suburban leisure. Since 1960, he's written a series of books about his parents, and his latest, *Between Them*, is a portrait of his parents, and his latest, *Between Them*, is a portrait of his parents. Since 1960, he's written a series of books about his parents, and his latest, *Between Them*, is a portrait of his parents. Since 1960, he's written a series of books about his parents, and his latest, *Between Them*, is a portrait of his parents.



■ When your parents are the most famous writers in America, it's a pretty tough job. But Richard Ford's latest book, *Between Them*, is a portrait of his parents, and his latest, *Between Them*, is a portrait of his parents. Since 1960, he's written a series of books about his parents, and his latest, *Between Them*, is a portrait of his parents.



Well lit. Sometimes a dot-matrix flashlight isn't your friend as it is enough. When you're out doors, you want a bright, powerful light. The *Brooks & Dunn* XL connects to a mobile app that lets you control the brightness and adjust the color of the light. The real test? It helps you find your way home. (Brooks & Dunn, \$120, brooksdunn.com)

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MUSIC

FITZGERALD & ME

HOW A TRIO OF ESQUIRE ESSAYS FROM 1936 INSPIRED THE NEW FLEET FODS ALBUM

■ Six years ago, Fleet Foxes, Ben Seasholtz, were widely considered the saviors of folk. (Granted, the competition was thin.) Yet at the height of their popularity and acclaim, the band vanished. *Fleet* didn't know it at the time, but Ben Seasholtz, the band's singer and primary songwriter, was recording a "track" in 1936—a year he passed from the fall of the first of a series of essays by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Published in the magazine in 1936, when the author was 36, the essay tackled the difficulties of journalism. In 2014, Seasholtz enrolled at Columbia University and found out he'd made music world-weary when he'd made a door-bell pose. Now, on the other side of the world, he's in a room in which he'd fallen, he tells us how Fitzgerald's essays informed Fleet Foxes' third full-length album, *Shore*. (Fleet Foxes, fleetfoxes.com)

"Around the time I was starting school, I discovered the three essays. The story of the first one—'The Crack-Up'—it has a presence. And the essays resonated with me. Fitzgerald's first book and second, finding new things to read about, having to perform daily life. At the time, I just didn't see where the band could go. I'd been playing music from 14 to 26, and I felt like I was done. I wondered if I would ever make music my focus again."

"One of the essays' most famous quotes resonated with me: 'The best of American intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function.' Sometimes my emotional response toward music validates it. Other times it's like, 'Everything has been done. I should do what I like to do. I should be a writer.' But in the end, I think, and so on. You have to hold those two ideas in balance. I tried to find a way to make that happen naturally, the polyphonic as the album comes from that idea."

"I've been to decide myself into thinking that what you're doing is valuable to have the ability to keep doing it. And that's not a bad thing."



Esquire
GROOMING

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DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR MEN.

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**WHEN
OPPOSITES
ATTRACT**

Are you ready for the
LOUIS VUITTON-
SUPREME looking?



When do you call it when one of the most formidable names in luxury teams up with one of the most rebellious names in streetwear? Collaboration doesn't out it, not in an age when brand partnerships are as common as Facebook comments. When Louis Vuitton joined forces with Supreme that year, it was more like culture shock. Supreme fanboys called it sacrilege. Vuitton devotees scoffed at it. But legit or not, these pieces—the golfballs,

Portfolio: photos: adam oshtrom and kyle chao (hair: paul) stylists: gregory and byron (makeup: lisa) louis vuitton x supreme collaboration

photograph: Neep K.

2015, August 10



The 2017
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Dynamic Radar Cruise Control, now standard.

Traffic can be stressful. That's why Full-Speed Range Dynamic Radar Cruise Control helps you keep a smart distance between you and the car in front. It's just one of the standard Toyota Safety Sense™ P (TSS-P)¹ features on Prius designed to help give you confidence on the road.

HOW I GOT MY STYLE

BEN GORHAM
39, Stockholm

The founder of indie fragrance and leather-goods company **SVREDO** discusses Finnish furniture, *The Godfather*, and why his favorite artwork is a 300-foot corkscrew slide



have never getting into a slide. *Golden Pinks*: I bought a vintage Patek's 2½ Apple from 1977, the Nautilus model. It's like you have a watch, so there's a symbolic significance to that. *Modern modernities*: Finnish stores are all about clarity and cohesion. My house is more a classic. Plus, I have kids. I like Pateks.



designs, pieces by Alvar Aalto, still from the '60s and '70s. I rarely sit anything—it just goes into storage. *His kind, modern life*: I just researched *The Godfather*, which I hadn't seen since I was young. Mervyn Dine that used to be so hard to identify words, but seeing them now with the movie makes it fairly easy and better—they're a lot closer.

—he told us *Ben Gorham*



Swedish tradition, is also part of contemporary American culture. *Art that means you*: Carsten Höller's experience-based art fascinates me. At the New Museum in New York, he did a whole lot of work between the doors. It's without the obvious clear-over adults.

● *Single story, My*
● *Shower in Canada,*
my mother is from
India, and I grew up in
a suburb of Stockholm
before moving to
Toronto. I went to high
school outside New
York City, and back to
Canada for college, then
left to play professional
hockey in Europe—I
played until I was 22,
when I realized it wasn't
going to work out.
Not long after, I started
exploring fragrance.
Color-traiting styles: I like
the American side of
design and books, and
the European side of
art is probably more
refined. There's an entire
aspect to it I'll never



a tailored network of
pairs of Monoclon
slippers, for example.
The turning point: Eight
years ago, I decided to
take it off and I got
entirely into it. Then
that's when I realized
that fashion could be used
to express who I was.
My style became much
more conscious after that.
Go work: I recently
designed a capsule
collection for Prada
during the winter in
Paris. That's when I realized
that fashion could be used
to express who I was.
My style became much
more conscious after that.
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designed a capsule
collection for Prada
during the winter in
Paris. That's when I realized
that fashion could be used
to express who I was.
My style became much
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CLUTCH MOVE

An ACETATE frame jump-starts this CLASSIC shape

● You hear "acetate," you think over frames, probably in gold. But just because that's the material doesn't mean it's your only option. The same shape in acetate (a lightweight, tough-to-break plastic) gives these sunglasses an injection of '70s swagger. Suddenly you're in a long line of badasses led by guys like Charles Bronson and

Jean Claude Van Damme. These shades lend another kind of swagger, too. You could be wearing them with ripped jeans and an elastic T-shirt and people would still think you might have a Keanu sculpture or two in storage. —J.R.

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LOOKING AT ME IN THE

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MEETING IN 10. SHIP THE PHONE.
SAVED BY MORE ON
YOU GOT WHAT YOU PUT FOR
I GOT MORE

NEED A TWIN GLASS
WIDE TONIGHT

WIDE

THIS DAY
IS MIN



FENIX 3 SERIES
beat yesterday.

photograph: Jeffrey Munk



THE CHINO GETS ITS BALLS BACK

The much-maligned pants are back in play—and stronger than ever. Fashion director NICK SULLIVAN explains why.

For decades, chinos got a bad rap as a symbol of Cane & Pryor masculinity. Then designers learned how to twist them into something out of them, cutting the pants skinner, dressing them in lighter shades, and lightening the fabric. For a while they were everywhere, and just as quickly they became passé. It was the last of the pants—like the polo of clothing—that really did them in.

But chinos had an earlier, and far better, heyday. Starting in 1929, North Carolina's Crumens Mills produced thick, heavy canvas material that would make up the pants worn by soldiers of G.I.'s World War II. Immediately afterward, they arrived on college campuses. (Esquire spotted the trend in 1949) and lived on in civilian life. Today, brands are returning to the look—and,

Wear the Pants on these chinos or any other rugged fabric you like. Below: Abercrombie & Fitch's homage to Crumens Mills.

ironically, the sturdy feel—of the U.S. military chinos that started it all.

In the 1970s, the original Crumens factories closed and production relocated, so modern brands advertising Crumens chinos used a faithful recreation. Below the last multi-run by Crumens that's now a museum piece, Abercrombie & Fitch mapped up whatever fabric it could. The label has to do with the work and the details, creating pants that are rugged, comfy, and characterful. For those reasons, they may be the chinos' last best hope. **A**



CUMENS
TIME-LAPSE
PHOTOGRAPHY

... For authentic Americana that's a million miles from preppy, check out Mike Oakman who ran a parktail shop in northern Springs, Arkansas, from the 1950s to the 1980s. His modest, homey images of transplants—often in well-worn clothes—were bought as art when his negatives were discovered years after his death. Prints available at Howard Greenberg Gallery, New York. 212.234.0960

photographer: Tracy Kim



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WANNA BUY A WATCH?

Welcome to
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● Retail isn't what it
used to be. It's better
to be right, even more,
than to be on the right.
At the barbershop, they
offer cold beer, or cold
beers, or both. Some
buyers can't have a
first-rate experience
now that Time has
streamlined the process.

But buy a watch—
whether it's a two-dollar
digital or a six-figure
Swiss wonder—and the
service is the same.
You peer through a glass
case, point at what you
want, and the salesperson
hands it over. It'll be
more fun picking out
from inside some guy's
wrist case.

That's why Bob Rosen
cofounded Material
Good—a SoHo loft that
may be the world's most
seductive watch store.
"The watch buying
experience is uniquely
understood," he says. "We
want to bring back the
moment." It sounds like
he's. The bar is stocked
with Japanese whisky.
Works by Warhol and
Picasso line the walls.
It would be a better
barber shop if a dad's
already-been-some very
high-end designer can



ONE LIFTER
THE GOLDEN PLAYERS
IN THE GILDED
CAMP COLLECTION
ARE THE
GILDED CAMP
COLLECTION
WATCHES

Material Good
carries some watches
by Audemans Piguet
(Patek, very, very
expensive) and Richard
Mille (swiss, very
expensive), plus vintage
pieces from brands
like Rolex (which will
run you a mere \$1,000)
But no one's pushing
you to buy. You don't
need an appointment,
and you're encouraged
to get comfortable. It's
like you're home, sitting
on your extremely
hardly loved sofa.
Why not own drive his
watch collection while
you're at it? —**WILLIAM
WATSON**, *Material Good*,
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York 212-359-9668

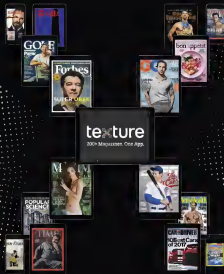


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premium metal is making
a comeback. And if
you're going for gold,
you're going to go
big. Long only designed
by Gerald Genta, the
new Audemans Piguet
"to keep" (the CIO
chronograph (CRO) is
just a new statement
piece. A classic design
from a day. The brand
is a material that makes
the perfect. \$20,000
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A GRASSROOTS PUSH

Get to know SUMMER'S signature SCENT



It's high summer, and you're sprawled out on the lawn, in the sun, a glass and two bottles on your chest. We hope you get to do that often in the next few months, but if you want that summer in

a bottle—earthy, green, just saturating enough to drive someone's nose closer—then you'll want a summer cologne. Your dad probably had this in his medicine cabinet (Amen).

But, and Donkey Kong all have never noted, but it doesn't have to feel old school. The ingredients, extracted from grass roots in South India and infused with, believe us, different depending on how it's mixed. So whether your taste runs toward citrus, wood, or vanilla, one of these colognes will take you exactly where you want to be.

—Michael O'Rourke

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3. *Delicate's Delicate's Yellow* is a delicate fragrance that is enjoyed by many men. \$100, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.)

4. *Windy's Windy's Yellow* is a powerful fragrance that is enjoyed by many men. \$100, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.)

5. *Julia's Julia's Yellow* is a powerful fragrance that is enjoyed by many men. \$100, 100 ml (3.3 fl. oz.)

photograph: Jeffrey Westbrook

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→ Two products will help you no matter how messy you want to go. For this one from Males + Gents (MG), malesandgents.com, it won't blow around like the stuff you used in high school and it smells damn ridiculous as perfume is not. When you've got the length, control, it's a salt spray—Bumonte and Bumonte's wife are in here (GQ's hunkiest flexible couple). Sprays and work through damp hair. By the time it's dry, you'll have a slightly dirty, messy, or broken-out texture you love like you just walked off the beach.



Pass for
Miracle-Gro

Don't
Pretend



Adam Driver
The actor used to be a star, cropped in the hair to a head not unlike before undergoing the process of a longer, messier look.



• Brad Pitt, Jim Morrison, Bruce Springsteen (Wrestlers all). All possessing some of the most iconic and good looks. All possessed of the same features: like hair—shoulder-length, wavy, and almost universally flattering, even if you don't have an Olympic's physique or a waistline that's perfect. Call it the shag: a longer, looser cut that's popping up everywhere as part of the bad-boy backlash to suggestively provide hairshop index.

Chances are you won't already working with a longer length mane, so if you want to try it, you'll need to spend the summer growing your hair out (sorry for you, scissor looks get a free pass when it comes to the hair). *Just Kidding* (reality) *celebrity* stylist to Adam Driver and speaks style for the hair production, recommends occasional touch-ups to the unisex. "You want to take out bulk in the sides so it doesn't get too heavy," she says. And you'll probably need to clean up your hair, too. "I'm going to style for this one," Komarowski says. "Barbers suggest a little less edge—they love to cut it out."

When the process of hair starts taking your hairline, head back to the salon for a full cut. "I'll then you want

Interview starts in 15 minutes



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Nothing is row

Need a suit COMFORTABLE enough to live in, light and loose enough to wear through the SUMMER? We suggest you ask an AUSSIE.

“I just wanted to help Australia men dress better.” The Bernays places child P. Johnson’s antique modern.

Patrick Johnson says *Audi* when he opened his own custom shop in Sydney after a month's apprenticeship in London, he bid just that. Luckily for you, he didn't stop there. The 25-year-old has since opened showrooms in London and New York and offers fittings around the globe. His recent ready-to-wear collections for blazers, New York customers he won were a reasonable 300 over *Audi* at around \$3K each, the made-to-measure suits and on-site coats in at about half the price of trailer services.

The Eternity places duell & Johnson's aesthetic modern, minimal, and unswerving. And, being built by an Aussie, they're made for warm weather, from beach-friendly sportsman to a modern take on the Italian mod—a nod and large concrete readily accepts it in England and performed in Italy. "It's incredibly lightweight," Johnson says, "Start of a Nakano is a younger chair. And it's a beautiful color." (The pattern is cut in London and the pavement is made in Tokyo, so the art returns its concrete roots.)

But more than fabric or color, it's the cut that counts. Johnson stresses finding a fit that's comfortable and never too tight. "The clothes shouldn't wear you," he says. Not that everyone learns that right away. "All the best dressed men are about 65 years old," he says. "They've gone through the journey already." In the meantime, Johnson's ruckus now we get around advice about the way. — J. B.

A CUT ABOVE
THE FITTING MENS
ON DUNLOP, SPRAY
STAIN. And Two
CUSTOM SACKETS ON DIS-
PLAYING ALL ACCESSORIES.

**SMIT TEST
BOTTLE SERVICE**

...and can be eaten or used. Jimmy Chao's Internet recipe for a salad of orange, lemon, and apple should get you at least halfway there. You could also fruit salad. For a really like a banana's delicious, sometimes unusual, \$20, you can

gibberellins and cytokinins. *Plant Growth Regul.* 1997;23:103-110.

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Esquire



The Best BARS

IN AMERICA, 2017

28 extraordinary drink experiences in this great land... and beyond.

Photograph by Kevin Sweeney Illustrations by Robbie Porter



It's simpler There are our favorite bars, new and not so much, which we've inducted into our growing Hall of Fame. Jeff Gendreau and Kevin Rehmberg are our local barflies, drinking at downtown places over the past year, with a lot of help from trusted friends. Here's where to start the next trip, in alphabetical order by city.

AUSTIN

HALF Step John Allen's Texas go in

Top yours up. Halfway was just another sleepy residential Austin street. Today the colorful houses on this half mile stretch play host to the city's hippest drinkers and favorite local bands. Your best bet is this little blue bungalow, where some guys lounge to the Grateful Dead song. Prop up elbow on the padded bar and watch your cocktail materials from the fresh ingredients rolling in hot. Pick the bartender's choice. Or call for the **Medicine Latino**, which mixes tequila, aniseed, ginger, and lime to cure what ails you. As the song says in the window will tell you, "You earned it." **2210 W. Kinney Street** **Where to crowd next:** Craft Pilsn here the black for beer and Detroit pizza.

BLOOMINGTON

NICK'S English Hut John McCracken's original college bar

Nick's was the first I considered approaching. Dating from 1927, it had an allure that lasted at something more seasoned than the first love, five major venues, and degenerate pool halls I frequented. It's a sports bar, sure, in a ramshackle, waxy way—you walk in and inside from the big corner it could be 1958, with "Beach" McCracken's Harpoon Blazers still playing ball. On some nights, the crowd is decidedly grayer, wiser, and more old-fashioned. Nick's is known for its **Basket Brigade**, which hangs over the bar and is the ultimate for grays—jazzed of dancing ice cold Becks in frozen custom pens, you sit down and have your own grill with your name on it. I think you have to inherit a basket, you certainly couldn't buy one. I left Bloomington soon after I turned twenty-three, never making the Basket Brigade. I agree to it still, though, and make it back to Nick's about once a year, decidedly grayer, where 423 East Kentucky Avenue **What you're having:** Nothing better than a Bud.



The smoky up-belly bar scene inside at Austin and Boston. Photo: Michaela

BROOKLYN

DIAMOND Reef Kevin Macmillan's folk for casual proper cocktails

The Frenchville's sums up this place. That's the frozen, slushy-machine version of the internationally famous, de facto Serious Cocktail Person calling card that is the Petrus Club, a noisy mix of Scotch, vodka, and ginger created by an owner like a Room at Mills & Honey, the original Serious Cocktail Person bar. The drinks are just as good, but the vibe is much more chill. As if the food truck and colorful Miamian-Cali-in-a-Former-Schools-to-body shop ambience didn't clue you in, **3357 Avenue J** **What you're having:** (also)

biology: The deliciously deep and basic music

CHICAGO

MILK Room

What Kevin's up to in a bar that not forgets

The Victorian Gothic woodwork in the Chicago Athletic Association hotel lobby sets up that they don't make 'em like they used to be. It's like you fall on when you take one of the right seats at a bar discreetly tucked behind a wall of stained glass windows and up something divine or even a century old. Milk Room is a tiny stair to the lively, reeled world of vintage spirits and sauce. **The Gumpert and Farnet from the 'Vib' bar** are used in some of the cocktails too grand—vintages are rare as roaches, but so much back then, the bartender tells me. A 1923 Old Blended rum drink whiskey had a whiff of oak and no necessary reminders—the what honey tastes like. **12 South Michigan Avenue** **Where to crowd next:** The Cherry Circle Room around back for a bigger and a sensation.

Lost LAKE

Kevin's got from from, the best of it.

If you're ever experienced winter in Chicago, you understand the need for the magic of a great bar. Colandered by Paul McGee, who's behind some of the city's great watering holes (including Milk Room, above), Lost Lake is one of the best in the country. There's just enough history—Martinique wallpaper, stuff in tropical vases, a graphic, kitschy menu—plus the midwestern hipsters in the place with the serious play of a broad spec-

At downtown's original shot at the Chicago business. Lost Lake



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RESERVING A TABLE AND OWNING IT.



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WORTH FLYING For

LABELED BY COOKINIST
THIS ONE WILL STAY IN THE

Once you get past the fact that you're entering a bar



STOP
EXPERIMENTING
WITH MY
NECROMI

Subtle differences in taste are fine. But once you've replaced the Campari with Cynar and the gin with junipers in a food essential and the strange then with dried fermented mango, you no longer have a drink that tastes anything like a negroni. Citrus and dandelion per favore.

THE WHITE WATER TAVERN
Georgia Pellegrini's idea of real Americana

LOS ANGELES

EVERSON ROYCE III

In which Jeff considers moving to L.A.
Richard Hugo, great poet of the West, once wrote "The Only Star is Tucson," which opens with a line that distills what so many of us seek in here: "Home. Home. I knew it a-corning." It's how I felt entering Emerson Keyes Bar. There was almost a howl of a release from bar manager Orlan Nolano. There was a back-pat on the neck of someone beaming, and there was

MIAMI BEACH

The BROKEN SHAKER

Save a class legend for Kevie

The burrito and the taco. A Cambodian lotus cone of a pilioc, a cohiba and the beer stand in the ceiling with quality spouts and barbers, a handful of stools, and an enticing row of punch bowls and mugs. Get a glass of beer, or any of the high-wine set cocktails that abound, bugatti-style, start to work—**male male male male male**, a masculine old-fashioned, drinks with kale or celery juice—well then, let's head outside to the expansive, round pad. Find your table spot under the terrace by the pool and wonder, Why not—the sort of Miami beach life this waterfront and its effortlessly cool 2227 Biscayne Creek Drive where to enroll seats. *Best Lobby for the best place where to enroll in the South.*

**The BAR ROOM at
the BEEKMAN HOTEL**

You could come here just for the restaurant.

Everyone does it. They can't resist. They walk in and they look up. Rising above them like some white-sailed gull, unfolding accordion, time warp tableau from Christopher Nolan's *Inception*, the view of this Potomac District skyscraper practically dares you not to look down it. But the key would be, somehow, not

Cardamom.

Because it's a **pre-mix** to offer you guests a drink that's positive, blessed, fast and delicious. Means personally experienced with it. And because it tastes good, guests over a lot rate of it as by itself when the man is down. — J.G.

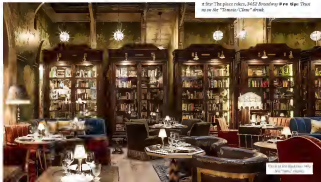
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ROCK

As with all *glitter*, many things are sold liquid. Drinks in eggshells and champagne. Drinks in light bulbs and various shells. **ROCK**, in the Harlem Heights neighborhood of upstart New York, would feel like a shrine to guardianship: it's not the women holding and cooking groceries for the poor for Shag Kalamash, who brings a sense of home to the ice-chipping, cinderblock space ringed with a **Tokyo-style** marketing. As if the expert should be there not enough, you can see while you up. The same words for Rocco Oyster Kitchen Cocktails, so a few: The place rocks, 3452 Broadway **the top**. The only all "Dance/Care" about.



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SLOWLY SHIRLEY

Here's to one of 2007's favorite cocktails

Maybe everyone dreams of having a drink in a place that no longer exists, which is to say **Hollywood circa 1947**. A heated shrine to such lost glamour can be found, ironically enough, right beneath one of the bars on the lower-chop beats that sit at ground zero when it comes to the city's most famous film industry. It's called **Shirley's**, a bar in the Hollywood Village area that immediately takes up the Hippopotamus, very right, and feel your pulse relax as you descend a staircase into Shirley's. Shirley's, as you can tell, is more than just a bar. It's a place where you can go to get a drink, but also to get a piece of the Hollywood dream. Shirley's is a place where you can go to get a drink, but also to get a piece of the Hollywood dream. Shirley's is a place where you can go to get a drink, but also to get a piece of the Hollywood dream.

Bar GOTO

Looking for 2007's favorite cocktail?

Bar Goto's signature drink is a **Japanese-inspired variation of a martini**, with a twist on the traditional and a cherry blossom that is as delicate as the drink. It's a drink that is as delicate as the drink. It's a drink that is as delicate as the drink. It's a drink that is as delicate as the drink.



deeper into Bar Goto's clever, subtle drink menu—to the New Jack City and the Million Ball. What really extends evening into night and delivers such a delicious, though, as a first step, on a popular "Welcome back, home" theme of service. For a lot of knowledge about drinks in New York, Goto has become the go-to. It's a place where you can go to get a drink, but also to get a piece of the Hollywood dream.



PITTSBURGH

GOOSKI'S

John Alford says he has a great idea

Gooski's makes the most of the energy of a live bar that makes it not in volume, not money. The bar is a place where you can go to get a drink, but also to get a piece of the Hollywood dream. It's a place where you can go to get a drink, but also to get a piece of the Hollywood dream.



In Praise of VINO VOLO

THE BAR-CHAIN SAVIOR TO FREQUENT FLIERS

Michael Dwyer wants a new airport

Dwyer, 35, started the first one in 2005. Like his many of us, he had ended up at another airport bar, meeting to meet a successful business trip with colleagues. But was faced with heavy choices when it came to having a simple, good glass of something that didn't taste like the bartender had added some Welch's grape jelly to a martini. It was the original airport bar, it was the original airport bar, it was the original airport bar. It was the original airport bar, it was the original airport bar. It was the original airport bar, it was the original airport bar.

2007's favorite cocktail
made of honey, citrus, and
a little bit of wine



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COLLECTIVE Might

After **DECADES** spent obsessively hunting down vinyl records, and building his own **LIBRARY** of books-on-paper (imagine it!), the author fights back against the buzzkill that is the algorithm

By Douglas Garner

● I don't collect first editions of books or "fine" (the bookworld's term for expensive) editions of any kind. Once one a cheap paperback with a one-faded cover, one in which the pages are furry from use. This is because I trust my memory the way the words recordbook writer Edie Lewis trusted old lead grease: I put it to heart on them. I tend to write all over my books. I underline like a fiend. (Never use a highlighter, unless you are a thirteen-year-old girl.) I might even tear out the last blank page to outspace a quote about how a novelist's notebook holds "with whose patching job has greater merit, it isn't that I don't respect books 't'bout I fear

spert them too much to treat them like baby books. Books are tools, not precious dolls. Use them or take them to the library sale. I was pretty bad at taking care of my records, cassettes, and CDs, too, when music was something you held in your hand before it went to your ear. I owned hundreds of albums and played a cassette once a day. Also, I was usually too busy jumping up and down on my way to return them to their preserver, forever. I'd stick the faded records against each other on the floor. They'd rub together and develop dips, the way accidentally rubbing your upturned corner pants subway gives you don't rubbers. My copy of the Clash's album *London* had a dip that made the line "English pounds and dollars please" in the song "The Magnificent Seven" repeat. To this day, when that song emerges from a car radio, I expect to hear that line twice. Set me right in the days of vinyl. You'd have to get up, outlast, to flip a record over. On the way to the turntable, to the chest or desk, you'd hear crunching noises. *Funk*. There were three Kiva Castles records you now had to replace at one dollar a throw. It was the same with cassettes and CDs. They'd rattle around on the shelves of my car until they got wet or a girl in town stepped on them. The spoken wordist William Gibson once observed that the "library magazine is playing" that spilled from the folds of a mad creature resembled "those such as you." That's pretty cool. It's Gibson, and thank you, but I do not know that one.

The point of possessing books and music, for most of my life, has been the search for them. During my teens and twenties, I hunted used-book and record stores the way Father John Misty hunts the Chinese basement. These places were my sanctuary; they're where my up-the-day economic education took place. Now that they're disappearing, my family has a serious rule: You are not allowed to pass a musicist record or bookstore without buying something, even if that something is a one-dollar sticker. If you don't know where to get that sticker, print it inside the front cover of the book you're currently reading. If you, as you're like me, you have already up-coded that book, the way *chick* de-gate hands before grilling them.

When we lived in a mansion period of American culture that the ones James Wolcott termed "the Wombing." The stores we mostly went the albums themselves are dwindling. Tired of juggling them around, I years ago gave away all my albums to my future wife's long-ago ex-boyfriend, a guy who seemed in need of a win. (I doubt he's kept my collection of Boomer music LPs intact.) I'm now in the process of despoiling my hundreds of out-of-print books, the whole United States Post Office Priority Mail box at a time, to a friend at New Orleans who refuses to stress music. I decided to part with some after not using I didn't play one in five years. I also realized I had no machine to play them on, even if I wanted to. It's hard to believe these CDs must come out a living-room wall in my house. What do young people do with now?

● ●
THE POINT OF POSSESSING BOOKS AND MUSIC, FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, HAS BEEN THE SEARCH FOR THEM. DURING MY TEENS AND TWENTIES, I HUNTED USED-BOOK AND RECORD STORES THE WAY FATHER JOHN MISTY HAUNTS THE CHATEAU MARMONT.

The cultural collector as me five on, better stronger and more fervent now. I cannot my music from Spotify, which I use for that I am susceptible of listening to wrong or on album either. I've selected it and dropped it into a playlist, then stamping it, in my mind to my run, with my impression. I hunt for new sounds the way we now hunt for everything the wedding iPhone. The truck we're reading a book or a newspaper or a magazine, and some one recommends a song, to take a photograph at a certain side of the page. Once a musicist, make a playlist from all those scanned photographs. Using new listening I do the same with things I read through the song identifying app Shazam. If I die in a car accident, it won't be because I was texting my album or my fishmonger. It will be because I was trying to Shazam a fantastic blues song and took my eyes off the road.

Time and new recommendations of old books. In 1969, for example, writing in that magazine, Council Observed called the record John Coltrane and Johnny Merriam's last album

ever made. I saw that page out long ago. I treat them like that, too, and make a list for the record store where I was living, in Burlington, Vermont. Where was right.

I've spent so much of my life searching for what I think of as "my" music, I've put so much work and care and learning into it, that I can become annoyed when I walk into an express her and it is streaming a pseudo corporate playlist that contains beautiful, rare songs. Perhaps before I know that a small of me. The thing I get, though, is one a prospector for gold might have after spending his years left looking for a vein in a remote location, finally finding it, then seeing it fill with tourists just gold at the same instant.

I have to be careful about posting constantly on corporate playlists, however. Once a week, Spotify sends me a playlist based on what it thinks is my musical taste. It gives me more than you know that my availability can be easily reduced to an algorithm. (In my mind, that algorithm might be labeled "legion, loud, number, and twang.") And my taste can't be so easily considered. (Can anyone's taste?) But Spotify regular by gets closer than you might think. I have each week and move the choice card into a playlist of my own. I like to imagine that list are compiled not by computers but by the obscurity to Charles Darwin's great novel *Norwood*, who came out, "Gaston, here's what I'd like to do. I'd like to live as a trader and play records all night."

When my children leave dinner at their friends' houses, they often report that the proceedings were really quiet. The houses didn't have music on there. If you're not playing good loud music during cocktail hour, you should be serving your friends' friends. During the ever louder music that have been played during the drinking up. (The only time I like silence is when I write. Then I'm available to write carefully.)

I am writing this piece first time in the evening, when my playlists of sentimental old favorites tend to emerge. Andy Weir's version of "Mosses Rain" is the best song ever recorded. I will divide. The music from my "Tennessee White" in Peter Page's melodies. And then come the songs that I hope almost no writer who's recorded them—St. James Infirmary—"That's How I Got to Memphis"—Midnight Special—"The Dark End of the Street"—"Long Black Veil."

Remember, I recall that there's a superb record store not far from me—Stonewall Records, in Doylestown, Pennsylvania—that's open late on certain nights. I like to visit, just to breathe the air. I mean right now, I can make it in time.



Danny MEYER

The restaurateur behind **UNION SQUARE CAFE** and **SHAKE SHACK** on his **THIRTY-NINE-DOLLAR WATCH**, the **BIG BET** he wishes he'd made, and why he won't drink water from a **HOTEL MINIBAR**



● I never wanted to earn about getting the last nickel out of somebody's money. I'm very generous, when I was living in my dad's New York. I was a salesperson at a toy store, and I believe I was the leading salesperson in the company for three consecutive years. But I'm not a good negotiator. It's just not who I am. I'm much more interested in getting more quality than I am in getting a better price.

● Things don't really fly after me. I never really made a dollar. I understood what that I've had for about eight years. I see opportunities, like traveling and staying in nice hotels and going to good restaurants. But I just don't buy a lot of things. On the other hand, I feel good when people in my life have those things.

My family was never flashy. My maternal grandfather sleeps in a Pentec or a Buick. He could've sprung for something more expensive. During college, as I found and I spent a summer working for him in Chicago, and we were moving into apartment after it was really, really hot summer, and we left the air conditioner on all day in the spare-

room. When he got the bill from our first month, he told us how wasteful that was. He always taught me not to be flustered in my respect. But I always wanted to live the way I wanted to live without someone else telling me what I could and couldn't do. I never liked having to ask my parents for money, and I always wanted to earn my own so that I could make my own choices.

I don't want to use it going out. I just want to take responsibility for it coming in. My wife pays all the bills. She'll just go, "You don't want to know." And I'm usually completely clueless. She works very, very hard at this, and I so appreciate it. You could see the wear in about five times.

I want things to live enough to give. The whole concept of enough is absolutely related to love, because at the end of the day, what is money?

Money is a currency with which you can buy security.

You can put a roof over your head, you can put food on your belly, and both of those things,

or the absence of those things, are connected to love. There's just no question about it. And to me, money is like a bag—the more you give, the more you get.

There were two occasions where my father had to tell all of us that his business had filed for bankruptcy. One in my early teens and once in my very early thirties. Those two experiences have colored my sense of "enough." I have taken every risk and still improved. But I've been careful and sensible about the risks, always wanting to have, you know, "enough." It's fueled by having watched my dad, on two occasions, run out. I got anxious if I ever had less than half a tank of gas—my wife can easily take it down to the point where the red light goes on. I wish I should be able to invest in real estate around Madison Square Park. I don't have any regrets about it, but it would've been a nice bet to make, after leaving my time and work and dollars and love, along with many others, into helping restore Ellis Island National Park and then establishing Shake Shack. Some of the success of Union Square Cafe over thirty years and the corresponding investment in the neigh-

borhood is just part of our life and our vision, because we didn't own it.

I don't like to go to the bank, and so I like to have enough—there's that word again. So that if I'm going to go get a haircut, I'm going to do today. I have enough money to tip the barber, enough to grab a quick coffee. I do use a credit card more often than not, but I don't ever want to be caught without cash. I can use my put everywhere. Also, we have four kids, and among the things you never know is what all the bills are going to need next thing. Right now, I have \$300 in my wallet. I'll be honest: I'm going to let my kids spend dollars on a bottle of water from a minibar. We can be staying in a really nice hotel—and Lord knows what I'm spending per night—but that's just not right. You say,

"That's absurd! You wouldn't have noticed if they had charged me for it."

Let's make per night on the room? And that's true. But I just don't like being bad.

—as told to Michael Szymon

WHAT'S IN HIS WALLET?

A few cents and \$20 in cash—because you just never know.

photograph: *Sherry Swartzberg*

Angeline

BY MICHAEL SZYMON

INSPIRED ITALIAN
classically crafted

Angeline is Michael Szymon's ode to classic Italian food—simple, bold, fresh and served with pitiful attention to detail. His menu delivers with real-ness with inspiration rooted from family recipes, including one that Angeline's Sunday Brunch. From handmade pasta to perfect local fare, Szymon's careful cooking is a tribute to the satisfying robust dishes he's known for

"it's like coming over to my house for Sunday dinner"

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The CONVERSATION of Art

SUPERSTAR PAINTER David Salle takes writer John H. Richardson to Amy Sillman's studio and gives him a MASTER CLASS in where CONTEMPORARY ART is headed. *By John H. Richardson and David Salle*



THE ARTIST
David Salle



What if we stuck the paintings on top of each other like this?

See how I tell you that I'm gay? That's a secret with you.



THE EXPERT
David Salle



See how I tell you that I'm gay? That's a secret with you.



See how I tell you that I'm gay? That's a secret with you.

● I once spent a week with an asshole for the Shinko rental. I've studied his notes, lived in five co-ops, read his novel and more recent stories and paintings than I care to remember. At the point, I feel fairly confident in most situations. But modern art confuses me. Why do I respond to Willem de Kooning but actively dislike Jagan Johns? Why do I love Joan Mitchell Skaggs but walk right past Ai Weiwei? I always wonder if the man is something. And don't get me started on those god-awful postmoderns.

David Salle is another example. I know he's one of the superstars of the 1980s art boom and that his paintings have been collected by all the major museums, and some times I get a kick out of the way he mixes modern and contemporary design with classical art. But I know no one who he's so famous.

Recently, a friend gave me Salle's book *How to See Looking, Thinking and Thinking About Art*. I loved it without reservation. The guy writes about art the way a master carpenter talks about wood, with a craftsman's focus on technique, color, and form—on the “how” of art rather than the “what,”

what goes in. He's delighted by the wild profusion of styles swirling around right now and has the impulse to make it all accessible by “talking like him.” He also sings metaphors like a poet, describing the way Alex Katz uses color as “the visual equivalent of a word cloud for a high case” (inspiration struck: What if I got Salle to help me?)

To my surprise, he liked the idea. So here we sit, down through Brooklyn to meet an artist named Amy Sillman. In her back, Salle calls Sillman a “modern-day action painter” whose abstract paintings “feel like memories of houses you never actually lived in.” *Artforum* calls her “increasingly influential,” and her work has been collected by MoMA and the Whitney. But when I checked her stuff out on Google, I was baffled by the odd shapes and muted colors. Can Salle help me see what I don't see?

Drop in Red Hook, where the snug kitchen is going way to tight; here, we arrive at a nondescript industrial building. Floor lights up, Sillman greets us at the door. She has gray hair and a tan from her early career, so my first impression is “nice Jewish mom.” The 56-year-old Sillman starts talking about sex, death, terrorism, a three hundred-pound Indian the once knew, and her return to the Mexican century and doing paintings at Ashby Street. In her office, she pulls out pictures of a show she did in Paris where she hangs her paintings on one side of the gallery and drew charcoal copies of the paintings on the opposite side, right on the wall, along with helpful captions to explain their meanings. It was a style. “If you looked at the paintings,” she says, “you couldn't read the explanations. If you looked at the explanations, you couldn't look at the paintings.” I receive my first impression: David Salle was named with kind blessing. *It's all over.*

Sillman leads us to her studio, a high-ceilinged space with a few single chairs. The studio's white walls are covered with a mosaic of black and red paintings. Tucked up edge to edge, they harmonize and clash and seem to be chasing one another on the ribs. I've never seen paintings hang this way before, but Salle gets the job at immediately. “You want the work to be about transformation,” he says, “but a painting, by its nature, has reached a point of stasis. So the idea of process and completion are in conflict.”

Sillman nods. “And that conflict is—”

“The engine that keeps moving the picture forward,” Salle says.

Is that so? Is it just a whimsical idea? Is that not a colored pencil? In front of a painting with two triangles, he raises his eyebrows. “This is challenging,” he says. “Red, pink, and gray, plus black, on the whole palette. Kind of a high risk color choice—it doesn't give you much visual relief.”

He passes again at another painting, which features two black lines around a white oval. Here and there, the colors bleed into shades of gray. “That's great,” he says. “I'm mystified. What's so great about it?” “Black white gray, gray white black,” he says. “That sequence—it's really about intervals in a certain rhythm. That's the kind of thing that helps create a painting's ease.”



David Salle, we inspired it. It's interestingly, just like in poetry, or in a modern novel. But it's not something you can arrive at in a grammatical way. You can't anticipate it too much, or it won't happen.”

I'm going to have to take his word for it. Later, he gets excited by something that looks like a garden hose. “I love that sort of shape,” he says.

“It's like a business,” Sillman says.

“An awful one?”

Salle looks at the painting so much, he says he wants to keep it. I ask him why.

“Because it's a business,” Sillman says.

“A business?” I ask.

“It just made that up.”

Sillman is putting words on paper next to the two paintings. She's thinking of hanging one on top of the other.

Now she pulls a large painting with fat green horizontal lines over to the one with the two black lines. She's thinking of hanging one on top of the other.

“One really tall vertical dither,” Salle says. “That's different business. Then you really have something kind of epic.”

In a burst of enthusiasm, they stick one

painting on top of the other. Salle says I see what Salle means by rhythm. Now the green lines pull your eyes up, and the off-center point where the paintings connect adds tension. It's like balanced buildings, not a secret temple that might fall at any moment. I had no idea you could change paintings so much just by turning them sideways.

“That's good,” Salle says.

“Puck, that's awesome,” Sillman says.

The longer we stay, the easier it is to guess which paintings Salle will like. They all have a sense of force and confidence. When they work, the shapes and brushstrokes and balance of colors lay out in a place beyond reason and narrative. I'm also starting to appreciate the purpose Sillman brings toward a goal that isn't about her. She's in it for the love of it. The “how” of art rather than the “what.”

KILL THE
BOY...





LET THE

Man

BE BORN!

He's the face of television's most obsessed-over show. His hair alone has more fans than most actors. But as *Game of Thrones* enters its second-to-last season, **KIT HARINGTON** faces a dilemma: To enter the next phase of his career, must he leave Jon Snow behind? By Logan Hill

Kit Harington has hollered heads on the block. "I have to prepare a new suit every day," he says. "I'm not joking. The asked, 'Are you happy with how this looks?' I'm like, 'It's a fucking bubblehead—what do you want me to say?'"

To be fair to the product designers, capturing its plastic, the former strident that have become the likeness of Harington's many millions of fans probably requires a level of accuracy reserved for soccer stars at the Louvre. And soon that'll no longer have a love model: Harington is cutting down the days until he can get a proper shave and a haircut. "The time," as it happens, has nearly come. He has one last shoot day for the seventh and penultimate season of *Game of Thrones*, in Belfast, Northern Ireland. For now, the scruffy fan of one of pop culture's darling franchises is sitting across from me in a back booth at a restaurant in New York's East Village. He arrived smiling, fully of a freshly smoked cigarette and wearing celebrity camera flasher thick frame glasses and baseball caps, which is doing his image best to contain his slowly jet black mop.

The hair will soon disappear, along with, in 2018, the show that made Harington famous. But what will live on is the character, the most agent of Jon Snow, the inviolable hero he's played for the better part of a decade: the brooding, badass prince who's lost everyone closest to him, who was seduced to death at the end of season five and then resurrected in season six, and who will confirm the possible conclusions of every living thing at season eight.

Harington understands that his likeness will be mass-produced and hawked while the suits will have the chance to make a buck. But time is running out. "Without saying whether I make it to the last season," he says, despite widespread reports that HBO extended his contract at \$1.1 million per episode through the final *Thrones* episodes—seven this season, six as the next—"I've been trying to say goodbye to the show that just?" That means saying goodbye to Jon Snow, too.

Not that he's revealing any vulnerability. For most of our conversation, he's affable, loose-limbed. His confident demeanor cracks just once, when he reluctantly agrees to show one suite of the hundreds of on-set photos he's taken as posing reference. He reaches for his leather camera satchel, blatches, and jumps out of the booth, he can't load the bag. His eyes go wide; he bends over like a child, his legs and arms in his hands underneath the table, then rights himself and swivels around to inspect the booth behind us. His panic isn't just from a fear of not meeting. He thinks, the images could make their way online and lead to devastating spoilers. He finally finds the camera on a nearby table nestled against the wall. "Oh, thank fuck!" he says, the tension in his compact frame dissolving like helium from balloons.

"*Thrones* nearly broke me," he twitters, but "I'm thirty-one," he says in between bites of a very thirty-something meal, prosciutto, a leafy salad, panna cotta. "Maybe I can rescue it myself and get away from an image that's synonymous with *Thrones*," he says, his voice trailing off for a beat. "But maybe this was the role I was always meant to play and that was it."

In retrospect,



the ranchy appeal of *Game of Thrones* as an obvious. But when it debuted in 2011, the series was a massive misadventure on four parks for HBO, a costly production with the scale and CG of a Hollywood franchise. The movie making up George R.R. Martin's *A Song of Ice and Fire*, treating with graphic sex (accents) and spectacular violence (accidents), had been deemed too expensive, too provocative, and too complex for the screen, big or small. Unlike *Twilight*, the idea was, *Thrones* doesn't have a PG-13 character limit.

Furthermore, Martin's series was—and remains—unfinished. He's published five

of seven planned books, the most recent coming out three months after the show began airing. (They're behind schedule, Martin has stopped making promises about when we can expect the next installment.) *Thrones*, then, was the rare adapted series without an ending.

The premiere alone reportedly cost between \$5 million and \$10 million to make, at \$100 million, the first season was one of the most expensive in television history. Still, HBO's bet did not pay off immediately. Just 2.2 million viewers watched the first episode, about half the number who tuned in to the first episode of *Deadwood*. *Reggie*, the network's other spending, says at the time.

Word of mouth and strong reviews helped that number grow. At the end of season five, in 2013, eight million viewers tuned in live to watch Jon Snow die. By the time he came back to life in season six, and with the introduction of HBO's new streaming service, an average of 25.1 million in the U.S. were now watching each episode. (An HBO pay couldn't tally total global viewership but said *Thrones* across every country where American programming isn't banned.) Along the way, the show broke records, both weekly and cumulative. As of this writing, *Thrones* has won the most Emmy Awards of any historical series, with 109 nominations and thirty-eight wins. It also remains the most pirated show in the world, peaking at 14.4 million illegal downloads for the season finale in 2015.

Recommender David Benioff and D.B. Weiss knew that the character played by the show's most famous man mattered. Some fans, would be killed off at the end of the last season, and that Jon Snow's heroic counterpart to *Thrones* (even though he would become the primary focus). Whatever played him would need to embody a man so noble he could put so only be returned as adored. "Steve is a challenging piece," Martin told me. "In the books, who's going on with Jon is unclear. I can tell you what he's thinking, but you can't do that on TV. The actor has to tell the depths and subtleties and conflicts of his character."



"I'LL ENJOY THE MADNESS
QUIETING A BIT," HARINGTON SAYS.
"I'D LIKE A FEW YEARS
OF RELATIVE OBSCURITY."

When Harington was brought in to audition for the role in 2009, he'd never been on screen. He'd landed only one paying acting gig, as a band leader, when he was twenty-one, in an obscure abandoned World War I soldier in the London production of *After Hours* in 2006.

Success came early to Harington: single was out in his vocabulary. When he got the part, he was enrolled at the Royal Central School of Speech and Drama, whose alumni include Jack Derrich and Gail Gorch Kernal. He grew up comfortably in West London and then Manchester, listening to people address his uncle as "uncle," more recently, his father—a businessman and now baronet—as "Sir." (The younger Harington was once embarrassed by his family's royal forebears, who trace back to King Charles II, though he is proud of the ancestor who, in 1596, uncovered the flushing toilet.) His mother, a former playwright, encouraged his love of theater; both parents supported his career choice. "It's the first career decision I've made," he says. "I never knew my father and I was adopted by my mother," he says. "But it was a very normal upbringing."

Following an audition that he performed with a black eye—the result of a late night bout as a McDonald's after a fellow patron insulted the woman he was with—and two callbacks, Harington was offered the role of Jon. He accepted immediately. "I've been a very fickle boy," he says.

For *Breakfast with Wanda*, experience didn't matter as much as presence. "He just had the look," they recall. "The brooding intensity, the physical grace, the chip on the shoulder quality that we always associate with extremely short people." (Harington is five foot six.)

The cast and crew grew close to one another, forming friendships that could at times resemble sibling rivalries. Harington recalled the staff and Weiss more than once. He'd steal their phones and send texts that his friend and costar Alfie Allen (*Three Girls*) declines to quote but describes to me as "disputing, dramatic, and hilariously." The showrunners got in good with the gay. One time, they shot Harington from a fake surge in which Jon Snow's face becomes disfigured by a fire, says, they told him, "HBO was worried that his underwear, outside-here thing was falling like Harry Potter." In my correspondence with them, for every bit of praise they give their show's cast, they shower an equal amount of shade. "It takes real strength of character not to get hung. Kit Harington turns you into an asshole," they write. "And in the past eight years, Kit has not taken a single step in that direction."

Harington's critics are just as quick to sling shade his way. *Benita Clarke*

(*Damery's Targaryens*) "There's a consistent trend of taking the piss out of his character and making good jokes. But that just takes over everything. My index has been crushed my doesn't come close to standing up to his man bun." *Nicholas Coster-Waldau* (*Game of Thrones*) "There's a change in the level of female lust in the room when Kit is there, which all the males find annoying and disrespectful." *Liam Cunningham* (*Downton Abbey*) "His hair looks like a trucker's." The barbs even spill into the show's script. After seeing Jon's school corporal, the character says, "What kind of god would have a pecker that small?" *Benioff and Weiss* explain that this. "There has to be some downside to being Kit Harington, right? It seems only fair. He's beautiful, talented, smart, and so devoted to the cause that it's impossible not to like Jon. Making him the one thing we can't dislike his character with a tiny pecker." Harington's reaction to all this ribbing? "I've always been a bit of a dick."

At the dawn of *Peak TV*, when entertainment giant was supposed to be the future, and pop phenomena on the scale of *Lost* were supposed to be endangered species, *Thrones* proved that theory wrong. One measure of its enormous success is the dizzying number of talk shows it has inspired: "How Great of *Thrones* Explains Brazilian Politics," "How Great of *Thrones* Explains Our World," "Is *Game of Thrones* a Metaphor for the Spread of Infectious Disease?" "Game of *Thrones* A Metaphor for America?"

Martin is grateful to see his books and the show used to discuss everything from global warming to Donald Trump. "I think jolify is now the king in America," Martin told me, referring to *Thrones*'s radical, power-mad bent. "And he's grown up just as paranoid and irrational as his men when he was thirteen in the books." For his part, Harington would give his cut to weigh in on American politics. "I believe in progress," he says. He found it "amazing when Sen. Penn decided to get involved in the *Parks* role. I was like, 'It has nothing to do with you. Sen. Penn. *Parks* off.'" Still, he can't help himself. "Mr. Donald Trump—I wouldn't call him President, I'd call him Mayor," he says. "I think that man is the best of your country is a con artist."

As *Thrones* enters its seventh season, its political reasons are very much more complex. The head of a wealthy, aristocratic family sits on the throne. Rivalries have intensified through the kingdom's border wall. From above, dragon-sized chackles are coming here to snark. Parents' shreds are revealing aspects of them. Harington's part of Jon, born again here it rings. "Thrones" can be said as a metaphor way

As the FBI and Congress investigate whether President Trump and his team colluded with VLADIMIR PUTIN, one man has suddenly found himself at the center of the investigations: RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR SERGEY KISLYAK. No wonder everyone from Jeff Sessions to Jared Kushner has had a hard time remembering if they met with him. BUT WHO IS KISLYAK? AND WHAT DOES HE KNOW?

THE INCONVENIENT COMRADE

By Garrett M. GRAFF

For many ambassadors who work on their country's behalf in Washington, D.C., the oval of high society is the key to America's export city—it's where friendships form, bonds strengthen, and deals get made. The U.S. ambassador holds briefings for friends and government officials, and the wife of the Russian ambassador is the doyenne of a well-connected crowd of fund-raiser friends. The British ambassador's creative residence, situated on Massachusetts Avenue next door to the vice president's mansion, is the setting of some of the city's swankiest parties. Meanwhile, the French ambassador—whose compound is in the glamorous neighborhood of a couple blocks from the new



Photo illustration by Justin METZ

houses of both Barack Obama and Ivanka Trump—for plans he hosted the Tony after party for the Wilson House Contemporary Association dinner, a now stood invite that has made the ambassador's social secretary a power asset herself.

The Russian Embassy, for decades a hostile outpost in the heart of its enemy's capital, had long been absent from this location. But on a warm May evening in 2010, Sergey Kislyak, the Russian ambassador, hosted a black tie benefit for the Washington National Opera. Though Kislyak, whose well-tailored suits struggle to contain his substantial girth, had been ambassador for nearly two years, many saw the benefit as his coming-out party in Washington. The invitation event—in it, if they can, half Jews, half Russians—brought construction crews two weeks to prepare and cost more than half a million dollars, a tab picked up by open-house donor Susan Lederman. The event was an uncharacteristic reminder of Russia's erstwhile imperial glory.

Walking up the drive from Wisconsin Avenue, guests saw eight-story-tall wings of the David H. Koch and the Hermitage projected onto the embassy. Inside the building—still a hulking throwback to the 1970s, when the Soviet Union was at the height of its power—an itinerary had been cascaded into a winter wonderland, with snow-like crystals dangling from tree branches and fog machines giving the impression of chilly air throughout.

Upstairs, four themed rooms commemorated the achievements of Russian history and culture. In one room, dedicated to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, porcelain designed to look like red eggs, white Fabergé eggs, which had been designed by Shchepetnikov, one of the world's most famous cake makers in an adjacent room, eight-foot-tall, glass-bust-sized portraits of sculptures adorned an arrangement honoring Prince L. the father of the Russian navy. Three white, coppered by unadorned, white carved vodka, and a steadily

endless supply of Caviar for oysters. Displays celebrated the upcoming Winter Olympics in Sochi, while human rights and artists from the Bolshoi and Mariinsky opera companies performed more than 100 ballets. In the grand ballroom, including Supreme Court Chief Justice John Roberts, Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano, and Senators Patrick Leahy and Bob Bennett.

At the time, Washington was still embroiled in the financial crisis, and the city hadn't seen anything like the party in years. As the guests sipped hot Russian tea and noted the vodka to return them to the comfort of the night, they couldn't help thinking about a new page had been turned. Maybe the Kislyak guy, who'd sent 700s home with his readings of one of his favorite operas, Mikhail Glinka's *Ruslan and Lyudmila*, was a different breed of Russian diplomat. Perhaps the Obama administration's "Russian asset"—a much vaunted strategy to improve relations between the outside adversary—was going to work.

Things didn't last long. By 2011, the disambiguations of the Arab Spring had begun to concern Russia's one true political power, Vladimir Putin. When corruption in Russia's parliamentary elections that December led to protests in the streets, Putin's media empire, creating a channel in Russia's television. In 2014, just weeks after the Sochi Olympics, Russian troops marched into eastern Ukraine, sparking the Crimean Peninsula and launching a war in Ukraine. Kislyak's active role, then, between the U.S. and Russia continued steadily until last year, when a Russian-backed and disinformation campaign aimed to undermine Hillary Clinton and boost Donald Trump pushed the relationship to tension point.

The hacking effort was likely the most successful Russian intelligence operation in decades, but it appears to have declined in its political utility. After an early decade as Russia's ambassador extraordinary and pleasurable, arguably his country's most critical foreign



Like Vladimir Putin (left), Kislyak (right) came to age in the Soviet Union. He was America's first liaison to the KGB, and his experience as a diplomat at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow.

The circumstantial evidence that Russia established UNCOMMONLY CLOSE contact with the Trump campaign appears damning.

phone calls between Kislyak and Michael Flynn, the retired general whom Trump had selected as his national security adviser. Those calls, intercepted by U.S. intelligence officials, followed sweeping sanctions that the Obama administration had imposed on Russia for its meddling in the 2016 election. The evidence of the conversation was linked to the press after Putin, and of course, it was not the U.S. alone with his own isolation. (In February, when it became clear that Flynn had not told Putin the truth about the calls, Flynn resigned as national security adviser.)

In December, Kislyak also met with Jared Kushner at Trump Tower, and later he was seen at a meeting between Kushner and Sergey Gorbunov, a Putin ally and a graduate of Russia's intelligence academy. Gorbunov now heads Russia's development bank, which has been sanctioned by the U.S. government at same time as well as the election, notably in a series of December

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Michael Flynn, seen here with Putin in Moscow in 2013, spoke to Kislyak in December.



Kislyak's annual residence, in Washington, D.C. Above: During the transition, Jared Kushner sat with Kislyak at Trump Tower.

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his further counterpart, Michael McFaul, the U.S. ambassador to Russia from 2012 to 2013. Kislyak told a packed audience that he didn't understand why everyone was so worked up. After all, just days before the election, he'd visited McFaul at the driveway of the White House—was that suspicious, too? "Did I commit anything wrong?" he wondered out loud. That question—the subject of several editorial and congressional investigations—now looms over the man's capital.

For most diplomats from around the globe, a posting to Washington is a prestigious honor marks the pinnacle of a long career, but Sergey Kislyak's arrival in the capital was in some ways different. Though he was only the fourth ambassador posted to the U.S. since the fall of the Soviet Union, his appointment in September 2010 was almost certainly based at least in the shadow of an unspoken deal between the Russian and the American governments.

confidentially to George W. Bush the day after the government stepped in to overturn the bankruptcy of insurance giant AIG. Kislyak wasn't a surprising choice for the post, but he is an atypical Russian diplomat. Though many of his colleagues in the foreign service studied the Moscow School Institute of International Relations, Kislyak recognized early on in his powerful intellect, trained as a nuclear scientist at the prestigious National Research Nuclear University in 1977, when he was not yet 19 years old, he joined the foreign ministry as part of an effort by Andrey Gerasimov, the legendary diplomat who led many over Soviet foreign affairs for more than half a century, to bring more experts to the front lines of international negotiations. According to E. Wayne Merry, a longtime U.S. diplomat who worked opposite Kislyak for decades, "That's like being recruited into the State Department by Henry Kissinger."

Chicago: Jacket (\$1,100) shirt (\$475) trousers (\$1,200) watch (\$200) by Rodar
Baltimore: Graphic Jacket (\$1,100) by Brunello Magli, shirt (\$475) accessories (\$475) by Burberry shoes (\$1,100) by Thom Browne belt by Paul Smith



98 June 4, 2015 EW.COM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BEAU GREALY

HANG

IN

THERE,

DUDE!

WE KNOW, WE KNOW...
THE SEDATE REIGNS OF SUMMER
CAN PUT US TO
SLEEP SOMETIMES, TOO.
So LIVE a LITTLE!

Lakeith STANFIELD,
THE BREAKOUT STAR
OF ATLANTA, SHOWS OFF THE
BOLD STRIPES, POPPING
PATTERNS, AND SUPER-TIGHT
CHECKS THAT PROVE A
TAILORED WARDROBE
DOESN'T HAVE TO
BE DEADLY BORING.

STYLING BY
MATTHEW MARDEN



STANFIELD,
"IT'S KIND OF
BNOYING."

"HE'S SO COOL,"
JORDAN EELE
SAYS OF
STANFIELD,
"IT'S KIND OF
NNOYING."

[illegible]

When someone tells Blackford, "You're not in it," he's talking about the game, not getting heated out of control, says he is coping with longtime musician and childhood friend Michael Hickey as the duo meet. "Yeah, it's a learning experience and yes, it's a way [Hickey] gets people who are so talented on his that they don't get it," Hickey says. Blackford, who wears a long, long, striped mullet, says his first tour bus was in February after Blackford's first solo album and left to record Blackford's performing on Kostas Tsimas with a negative review. "His solo album is out on the Top 100," Hickey said. "If not all of his reviews are in it, he is in it, he's in it," he says.

[illegible]

A black and white photograph of a person, likely a performer, wearing a t-shirt with the word 'DRUNK' in large, bold, block letters. Below the t-shirt, a sign reads 'MUSIC BIBLE' and 'BEEN ONE' in a stylized font. The background is dark and appears to be a stage or performance area.



This page lists (10,000) of the
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 Kirby Oppenhe, Jack
 (1915) and (1916), and
 number (2478) by Kirby
 (1916) by Paul Smith,
 number (2478) by Kirby

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For more information, see the July 1998 introduction by Christopher J. Cramer, *Journal of Management Education*, 22(7), 699-700.

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Perilous Business.

By Richard Ford

A novelist
takes on
his critics

— I remember very well the first Sunday New York Times review of a book I'd written. 1976. I was thirty-two. The review was long and somewhat toward the back of the magazine. Larry McMurtry, a writer I deeply admired and would've given much to come to love my book, gave it instead a curt dismissal, adorned with a few novelistic takeaways that found a path to my soft, yearning heart. My editor, a generous-spirited, widely revered woman named Frances McCullough—who'd taken a chance on my "debut" novel—left it her duty to read the entire review aloud to me over the telephone, New York to Princeton. I can't make myself go find the review now and quote it here. There are kinds to self-wounding. Suffice it to say I was shaken by hearing McMurtry's thoughts about my book. I'd never experienced anything quite like that. Here, even before my novel could take its first steps into the world and have its chance to delight millions of readers, an esteemed colleague had left his mark and taken his precious time to say so to the world. "Nenni! Don't bother with this one. Keep looking!"

When I'd heard the whole review and realized Frances's attempts at consolation, I remember walking into the next room, where my mother was sitting, reading *Changeling*. My mother looked up at me and said, "Richard, my goodness, what's wrong? You look positively ill!"

"Mother, maybe it's good I don't," I said. "If you pack your bag now and go back to Little Rock, I'm going to be in a very bad mood for a long time."

Whereupon she did just that. I don't remember if we even discussed what had happened or if we never did. Although to say I was in a very bad mood for a long time is perhaps mildly

— Thinking of writing about book reviews at all is, of course, misplaced business for a novelist, since to do so requires one the perspective and distance from where it should be weighed—in favor of

writing great novels—and emphasizes instead what happens to my book, and how I experience its fate, once it's left my control.

Samuel Johnson probably had the best idea when he said of great critics, "It therefore deserves it with fixed tranquility, being little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." Steady fellow.

Forty years have now passed since that first critical outing. I've written a dozen more books, all of which have undergone "the reviewing process." Some have been celebrated, one or two overpraised, and a few have been dismissed by "the critics." And I will admit that I'm thus-alarmed about adverse notices. The threatened. Possibly a shakedown.

For decades after the McMurtry review I nurtured a settling, longstanding grudge against him. I fantasized about how else I could open up and then facing each other would be Larry and me—but worst evening on earth—and me with a full head of steam up. It never happened. It was never clear why I thought he'd ever be there or what I'd do to him.

I thought the same about James Wolcott, who once gave me and mine a serious talking in Forty Five, and whom I likewise hoped to encounter covering behind the glassing that does, whenever Johnny McMurtry, with a flicky when this one on a gold-lined bench or his rock-lens saddle. I've yet to have that chance—so far. Other reviewers met similar creative fates in my dreams. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, James Atlas, the spirited and contemptible Jonathan Safran Foer, Vivian Gornik, and of course the Times's venerable Michiko Kakutani, who killed a few of my books but others not so much.

I know it's far to say that I exaggerate the ill effects of a bad review—residents fleeing, publishers near and far looking in their knees, big ticket prints, reviews, future book advances drying up. Nevertheless, when I write now I have had the experience of someone before a decision, having several months saying he or she hasn't read a "great review" of your book, only to come to find out it was a com-

STOP RIGHT THERE, MISTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES
MACARI

KELLY ROHRBACH would like
a few words with YOU.

BY ERIC
SULLIVAN

STYLING BY AYA KANAI



A

TO

This summer, **JAY Z—THE SOLO ACT** WITH THE MOST NUMBER-ONE ALBUMS IN HISTORY—WILL BECOME THE FIRST HIP-HOP ARTIST INDUCTED INTO THE SONGWRITERS HALL OF FAME, WHERE HE WILL JOIN SUCH LEGENDS AS BOB DYLAN, BEVIE WONDER, AND IRVING BERLIN. **WYATT MASON** TAKES STOCK OF AN ARTIST WHOSE ASTONISHING CREATIVITY, BUSINESS CAREER, AND PUBLIC PROFILE HAVE TRANSFORMED AMERICA OVER THE PAST TWO DECADES.

ILLUSTRATION BY JIMMY NIELGAR



[illegible]

CORRECTION

I said that the word that Jay Z uses most in his complete lyrics is like. This is true and not true. It is the single word that he uses most. However, if we combine singular and plural uses of words, the word he uses most is me. He has used it 3,399 times (link to

TELEVISION AS
LITERARY
CRITICISM (1)

James Lipton, of *Inside the Actors Studio*, interviewed Chris Rock. Lipton, of the beard and the self-mocking self-seriousness, asked Rock about the word he (Lipton) thought must be in the English language:

"Hands down," he says, that word "is the a word."

"Now I got this job?" Rock says. "We plan sugar. Go ahead? I'm the wrong guy to explain sugar?" And yet rights he does.

"It's thence philosophy," he says, "we need food. They give us the scraps and we make it into music. We took this word and we made it into poetry. It's horrible, but put some sauce on it and it's poetry. *Nigger* is the ninnygoonies of words. In the wrong hands, it can hurt. But if you give it to the right person, a Gabe Chappelle, an Ice Cube, an Eddie Murphy. What they did—what N.W.A. and Richard Pryor did with the word—o-o-o-o. It's black. Two."

“SETTING DOWN TO WHAT’S REALLY REAL”

Authenticity in design is its own conversation. It gets to the heart, first. The appeal of the elpher is a space is clear. Here someone can see himself transformed from nothing into something in the eyes of the world and, so to speak, redefine the way they see themselves. Given that the elpher is a space originates in places—Compton, Bell Stuy, Chicago's South Side—where that imaginative space is one of the few dependable refuges from an unbearable reality, the idea that someone in the elpher would be speaking from the heart of the self takes on different charge. Authenticity would be all one hue—the most valuable currency, the parent pays, \$10,000/hour. To counteract that price, the parent form of coverage

And yet if we consider that of the more than one thousand unique songs Frank Sinatra recorded, he was a credited writer on only seven, that same idea of "Jazz" or Club's most memorable performances are of other people's songs, we understand that, in indie domains, as often as not, artists from a different place, only a few miles across like Fitzgerald or Billie Holiday or singing phonies because the way they sang about love and lust weren't such a big deal—acknowledgers of their level experience, in hip-hop, though, the stakes are different, because the tone is different, it is not an after-the-fact, "Spoken in hip-hop is not a style, it's a way of life," says the rapper in America's new. The great novel or film or ballet or opera by the talented young writer who was supporting his ongoing work by reading comic books just to get to it.

WITH RETORCE AND ALIVE BY AT THE M
INTRO MARY, THERE IS



[返回到顶部](#)

est competence on the narrow shelf of great books by popular musicians about their practice is Bob Dylan's *Chronicles*—as to understand anew the nature of authentic life, as he 2 witness

This is not one of the things that makes up its identity as business. It doesn't force you to be personal or to be only one thing or another. It's a team or a team. It recognizes that you can be true to your self and still have unexpected similarities and opposing ideas. Having a different vision doesn't mean an equal on the other is the most common thing in the world. The real builder is when you see that you don't have contradictions inside you. That you're so full and so imaginative that you can't even change or wonder if it's strange, as expected things.

Not accidental, then, by Z's title. More literary criticism and misanthropy than *manhood*, *Decoded* slyly suggests the codes that get rapped in rappers to how rap, to an art form, demands to be heard with a mind aware of how variously language can be used, and that a raked, put down in other words, doesn't necessarily mean what we think, or fear, it does.

TELEVISION AS LITERARY
CRITICISM CIII

It's 1989, and Tipper Gore and Ice T and a range of producers are on Qwest negotiating the question du jour: whether hip-hop MCs are failing to serve as role models for young children who hear their music. They are discussing Gore's initiative to commission

labels as records. She is rooted up in this light.

[illegible]

NATURALLY, ONE SECTION IN
THIS PIECE MUST
BE DEVOTED TO REYNOLDS

How can we talk about Jay Z without talking about Beyoncé? How can we talk about Jay Z without discussing his wife's recent and heart-wounded, *Lemonade*? How can we avoid talking if *Lemonade* is a record about their marriage? How can we avoid asking if the suggested narrative of *Lemonade* is, in fact, the actual story of their actual marriage and actual infidelity? How can we avoid discussing his cameo in the viral-*albino* version

[illegible]

doi:10.1371/journal.pone.0141104.g002

[illegible]

They know you made it when the hurt
That courage made by a costly trillion
Lemonade is a popular drink and it will be
Survived of the first

—something he will say on a verse so upset appearance a month after *Lemonade* is released, I want the Internet will show, trust, and hard shade upon, for being a love-sun response to his wife's amazing record, but with we might not read as a response at all. Rather, it's a comment upon the thing that we don't not talk about when talking about Jay Z: that his marriage to Beyoncé, on April 4, 2008—seven remarkable months before their other

meaningful moment in our history that came to pass on November 4, 2020—made them the very first of an African American couple, in our history, that the culture has celebrated the way it celebrates other A-list celebrity marriages: obsessively, voraciously, enthusiastically, apologetically, covetously, lovingly, earnestly, fully.

THE "99 PROBLEMS" PROBLEM

likely the worst film-as-book on a joy Z song: "If you're having girl problems, I feel bad for you, son. I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one." Naturally, the song is held up as the prime example of misogyny in recent cinema. The song it parodies is about a drug stop. The narrator has a trunk full of products; a trooper has stopped him on the highway without cause beyond DWI—driving while black. There are no exchangers.

¹⁰Well, you were doing 58 in a 54.
License and registration and steps out of
the car.

Are you carrying a weapon on you? I know a lot of you are!¹
stepping out of the car, all my paper's light!²
do you mind if I look around the car a bit?³
my gloves compartment is locked!⁴
the trunk is in the back!⁵
I know my rights, so you get? and a little that!⁶
if you sharp on a task? You some type of law or something?⁷
body important or something?⁸
I ain't passed the bar, but I know a little!⁹
that if you won't legally search my car!¹⁰
we 2 are here since you are where the FBI is!¹¹
90 problems for a third, so I can't see for you!

It's a little bit of a capital-streets intersection, and in your high school poetry would be called *alibiism*. [by Zola and me] Rather, too-Tid, a decade earlier, it's one of the same name. That's *sonnets*. It's not about a *racist* song wrong by song a black man who was *freed* in 1854. That is, actually, *adding* decades. It's about the *betches* too-Tid *facha*—over-the-top *purry* song, the song you *fantasize* our *strong* president *him* to himself as he *grabs* *betches* by the—"lacher-sonns *talk*"—*sonns* *made* the *ugly* *laches* here *needed* as *beats*, not *control* to *not*

Former world chess champion, political activist, and author of Deep Thinking, 14, interviewed by Maximilian Potter

"As Ronald Reagan warned, 'Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction.'"

She spent her entire life and her whole energy on me, not just as a mother but as everything—a manager, a friend, a teacher. It couldn't compensate for the absence of my father, who died of leukemia when I was seven, but it helped me overcome the psychological traumas. From a very early age, my life had a purpose. I could make all sorts of mistakes in my daily life, but in character was

on top of your game. Because we all get complacent, I call it the "gravity of past success." You win and you think, I deserve my share! The only way to stay in the game is to challenge yourself, because then you're never short of challenges.

Aptitude for playing chess is nothing more than aptitude for playing chess. I took on thirty-two matches and won, in 1988, and I beat the first prototype of Deep Blue, which was called Deep Thought, in 1989. There was a golden rule between us: we win, my half was thick. I won my first match against Deep Blue four to two, but the second was on the wall.

You cannot bluff a machine. You used to have an opponent with characteristics—this player wants to play short games, this player wants to play long games, this player is a sucker, you could not tell which he or she was getting upset or growing more confident. Chess is not a poker game, but there was always a psychological element. With a machine, "I don't know what you will do, but this, whatever it is, is the best move for you." You lose all the advantages you have been accumulating over fifty years. You have to establish your resources you have to avoid defeat. It's no longer a form of intelligence, but at the end of the day, intelligence is about results. The only way for us to avoid losing is to play with machines, to play with their challenges, new areas of engagement where machines will not be stronger than us.

When people ask me, "How did chess help point your political endeavors?" I say, "My small, toothless, we have fixed rules and predictable results in Putin's Russia, it's exactly like the opening." What I brought from chess to Russian "politics" was not every People wouldn't share that if the man was someone Putin. It must be

a matter of principle, a moral duty I had to try. The greatest difficulty for me was moving into something where I knew it was not a game that I could win. I realized that my life was not just about winning, but about making a difference.

Dictators don't have strategy. A Glosser turns only about his survival, political and physical. You may call it the "strategy of survival," but it's purely selfish. The advantage of democracy over dictatorship is that democracy outlives long-term planning. One of my biggest heroes, Harry S. Truman, became the best institutionally like NATO and the National Security Council, which rescued the American economy in the cold war forty years later, knowing that he would not see the final outcome.

It can happen here! At Italy's *Illegale* festival, "President is never more than one generation away from extinction." With Trump past his entire in hercule, every-time we look for some flare of a conflict of interest, it points to Russia, Russia, Russia! There he is in the coldest, but I also believe in RIGI!

There's a lot of damage being done, and possibly more will be done, but the political system here has been revitalized. The report accepted the actual practice ended it shows that Putin's pro-capitalist. Democracy works.

[illegible]

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